2d. PIMLYCO.

OR,

Runne Red-Cap.

Tis a mad world at *Hogsdon*.

AT LONDON,

Printed for Jo: Busbie, and Geo: LOFTIS, and are to bee sould vnder S^t. *Peters Church in Cornehill. 1609.*

Patrono Pimlyconico.

Facie Claro,
Facetijs Raro,
Thomæ Normano.

ALL hayle, (ô *Tom Norman*,)
I make thee, the *Foreman*
Of *Pimlyco* Iury:
You are chargde to enquire Sir,
What kindles that fire sir,
That burnes with such fury.
What fire doe you suppose sir?
Tis the fire of your *Nose* sir,
Which your *Face* beares about.
For (like to the fornace,
That glowes in the *Glasse-house*,)
It neuer goes out.
To keepe that hye *Colour*,
And make it looke fuller,
You shall die it in graine sir:
Of the *Pimlyco* Iuice,
If you get the right vse,
O how well will it staine sir.
I create you *Sole Patron*
Of the *Pimlyco Squadron*,
choose therefore *Ale-cunners*.
That now against *Easter*,
(If you purpose to feast there)
may be your fore-runners.
Hoyst then vp your Sayle sir,
For rich *Pimlyco* Ale sir,
That cullors like *Roses*,
With your Copper *Seale*, marke sir,
All those that Embarke sir,
For *Pimlyco-Noses*.

Vade, Vale, Caue ne titubes.

To all Trauellers.

YOu that weare out your liues and weary your bodies, in Diſcouery of ſtrange Countries, (bee it for pleaſure or profite) Rig out a Fleet, and make a Voiage to an Iland which could neuer be found out by the Portugals, Spaniards, or Hollanders, but only (and that now of late) by Engliſhmen. The name of it is Pimlyco, Here haue I drawne a large Map of it: by this Chart, may you in a few houres, and with little or no winde, ariue in the very mouth of the Hauen. Some that haue trauelled thither, affirme it to be a part of the Continent, but the better ſort of Nauigators ſay, it is an Iland: full of people it is, and they are very wilde, the women beeing able to endure more, and to doe better Seruice than the men. Diuers are of opinion, that it is an inchanted Iland, and haunted with ſtrange Spirits; for the people there, once euery Moone, are either ſtarke mad, or elſe looſe their owne ſhapes, and are transformed into Beaſts, yet within twelue houres, recouer their wittes and ſhapes againe. The Pimlyconians are moſt of them Malt-men, and exceeding good fellowes, all their delight beeing in Eating and Drinking; they liue not long, for a man can hardly ſtay amongeſt them two dayes: if he doe, he is in great danger, by reaſon of a certaine diſeaſe, (which the Iland naturally breedes) called the Staggers, through which, many of them come to their Downe-fall, or if they ſcape that, then are they in feare to be made away by Small-ſhot, in diſcharging of which, the Pimlyconians are very actiue and cunning.

To all Trauellers.

The Iland *begins now to be as rich as it is populous: fish hath bin seldome taken there, but flesh is better cheape then* Mackrell *here. Wilde* Duckes *and wilde* Geese *flie there vp and downe in abundance: you may haue a* Goose sowc'd *in* Pimlyco, *for the value of twelue pence sterling. Woodcockes (in many moneths of the yeere) are to be catched there by whole dozens. It is full of fatte pasture, and thats the reason such multitudes of* young Colts *runne there. A hot* Climate *it is, and by that meanes the people are subiect to infection, which takes them first in the* Head, *and so falls downe into their legges, and those fayling, they are (in a maner) gone. The* Gouernour *of the* Iland *hath much adoe to* keepe himselfe vpright, *so that he is compelled to giue those that are vnder him, often times very* Hard measure, *yet are they so vnruly, that euery houre one or other goes to the* Pot.

Thus haue I giuen you a taste, both of the People and of the Countrie; *if you sayle thither, you may drinke of deeper knowledge. But take heed you take a skilfull* Pilot *with you; be fraighted with as much wit as you can carry aboord, for all will be little enough to bring you from thence, and take heede what* Lading *you take in there, for the commodities of* Pimlyco *haue suncke many* Merchants. *Pay thankes for my* Councell, *and thinke well of my* Pimlyconian Discouerie.

Farewell.

Pimlyco.

TRees that of late like wasted Heyres,
Or like old men, dryed up with cares,)
Stood pearly, now looke fresh e greene,
As Banck-rupts new set up agen.
Meadowes that whilome barren lay,
(More naked than the trodden way,)
Weare garments now, woven all of Flowers,
And waite on Flora in her Bowers,
Shepheards that durst not, (for the cold,)
The Snowie heads of Hills behold,
Now (deftly piping) from cole Fountaines,
Lead Lambes and Kiddes up to the Mountaines.
The Day, when all Birdes hold their Weddings,
(Dauncing Loue-measures in soft Treddings,)
Is past: The Yeare did it resigne,
In honour of Saint Valentine.
And now his Fethered Couples sing,
Their Nuptiall Songs before the Spring.
The Vernall Gates are set wide open,
And strew'd with Flowers and Herbes, in token
That May (Loues Queene) is comming in,
Who 12. full Mones hath absent bin.
In this Sweet Season, from my bed,
I early rose, being wakened
With beating of a Golden-flame,
Which (to me) in at window came.
For from his Pallace in the East,
The King of Light in Purple dresst,
(Set thicke with Gold and precious Stone,
Which like a Rocke of Diamond shonne,)

Description of the Spring.

Description of the Sun-rising.

Pimlyco.

Was drawne along heav'ns Siluer way,
By the 4. Horses of the Day.
And as the Chariot mounted higher,
The Sun-god seem'd to ride in fire,
Forth came he in this braue adorning,
To court his Loue (the Rosie Morning.)
The Chaines of Pearle about her necke,
He tooke from her himselfe to decke,
They were her fauours and he wore them
Till night, and did agen restore them.
The wonders (of vn-valued worth,)
Which these two wrought, intic'd mee forth;
Weary with walking, downe I threw
My bodie, on a bancke where grew
The pretty Dazie, (Eye of Day,)
The Prime-Rose which does first display
Her youthfull colours, and first dies;
,, Beautie and Death are Enemies.
Cowslips sprung likewise here and there,
Each blade of grasse (stiffe as a Speare)
Standing vpright to guard the Flowers,
As if they had bin their Paramoures.
Anon a Yonker and his Lasse,
Wight I saw wrastling on the Grasse,
She swore she would not fall, and yet
She fell, and did a Greene-Gowne get,
(A Greene-gowne, but no Gowne of Greene.)
At length (in Couples) more were seene:
Som ran, some walked, and some sat kissing,
Nothing was lost, but what was missing.
So close they ioynd in their Delights,
That they all seem'd Hermaphrodites,
Or rather Mermaides on the land,
Because the Shees had th'vpper hand.
They grac'd the fields, the fields them grac'd,
For tho none were in order plac'de,
But sat (as Flowers in Gardens grow)
Thinly, which makes the brauer show.

Yet

Yet (like so many in one Roome,)
All seem'd to weave within a loome,
Some curious piece whose beautie stands,
on the rare Skill of sundry hands.
As thus they sat, and I them saw,
A Frame (as rare) mine eies did draw
(With wonder) to behold a farre.
The brightnes of the Kingdomes * Starre;
A thousand Steeples, Turrets, Towers,
(Lodgings, all fit for Emperours.)
Lifted their proud heads above the Skie,
As if they had sole Soveraignтie,
Over all the Buildings in the Land,
And seem'd on Hilles of Gould to stand,
For the Suns Beames on them being shed,
They shewed like Mynes new burnished.
Upon the Left hand and the Right,
Two * Townes (like Cities) fed the Sight,
With pleasure and with admiration,
For (as they stand) they beare proportion,
As to an Armie doe the Wings,
(The maine Battalion led by Kings.)
Mine eye his obiects could not vary,
Yet tooke delight here still to tarry,
But not knowing how to weare out time,
By chance I found a Booke in Ryme,
Writ in an age when few wrytt well,
(Pans Pipe (where none is) does excell.)
O learned Gower! It was not thine,
Nor Chaucer, (thou art more Divine.)
To Lydgates grave I should do wrong,
To call him up by such a Song.
No, It was One, that (doue his Fate,)
Would be Styl'd Poet Laureate;
Much like to Some in these our daies,
That (as bold Prologues do to Playes,)
With Garlonds have their Fore-heads bound,
Yet onely empty Sculles are crowned:

* London.

* Islington, & Hogsdon.

Skelton.

Pimlyco.

Or like to theſe (ſeeing others hye)
Will ſit ſo, tho their Seate they buy,
And fill it vp with loathed Scorne,
Fit Burdens being by them not borne,
But ſeeing their Trappings rich and gay.
The Sumpter-Horſes trudge away,
Sweating themſelues to death to beare them.
When poore lades (drawing the Plough) outweare (them.
But all this while we haue forgot
Our Poet: tho I nam'de him not,
But only ſhould his Rymes recite,
Theſe (all would cry) did Skelton write.
I tournde ſome leaues and red them o're,
And at laſt eſpyed his Elynor,
His Elynor, whoſe fame ſpred ſaile,
All England through for Nappy Ale.
Elynor Rumming warmde his wit
With Ale, and his Rimes paide for it.
But ſeeing thou takſt the Laureats name
(Skelton) I iuſtly thee may blame,
Becauſe thou leau ſt the Sacred Fount,
For Liquor of ſo baſe account.
Yet (I remember) euen the Prince
Of Poeſie, with his pen (long ſince)
Leade to a Fielde, the Mice and Frogges,
Others haue ball'd out bookes of Dogges:
Our diuine Maro ſpent much oyle
About a Gnat. One keeps a coyle
With a poore Flea (Naſo, whoſe wit
Brought him by Phœbus ſide to ſit.)
Since then theſe Rare-ones ſlack'd their ſtrings,
From the hie-tuned acts of Kings
For notes ſo low leſſe is thy Blame,
For in their pardon ſtands thy Name.
Let s therefore lead our eyes aſtray,
And from our owne intended way,
Go backe to view thine Hoſteſſe picture,
Whom thus thou drawſt in liuely colours.

Skeltons tunning of *Elynor Rumming.*

TEll you I chill,
If that you will
A while be ſtill,
Of a comely Iyll,
That dwelt on a hill,
But ſhee is not grill,
For ſhee is ſomwhat ſage,
And well worne in age,
For her vilage
It would aſſwage
Amangs Corage.
Her loathly leare
Is nothing cleare
But vgly of cheare.
Droopy and drowſy,
Scuruey and lowſy,
Her face all bowſy,
Comely crinckled,
Wonderſly wrinckled,
Like a roaſt Pigs eare
Briſtled with heare.
Her lewd lippes twaine,
They Slauer men ſayen,
Like a ropy rayne,
A gummy glayre:
Shee is vgly faire,
Her noſe ſome-deale hooked
And camouſly crooked,

Neuer stopping,
But euer dropping.
Her Skin loose and slacke,
Grayned like a Sacke,
With a crooked backe.
Her eyen gowndy,
Are full, vnlowndy,
For they are bleared,
And shee gray heared,
Jawed like a Jetty,
A man would haue pitty,
To see how shees gummed,
Fingerd and thumbed;
Gentlye Joynted,
Greased and annointed,
Vp to the knuckles,
The bones her buckles,
Together made fast,
Her youth is far past:
Footed like a Plane,
Legges like a Crane,
And yet shee will Jet,
Like a Jolly Set,
In her fur'd flocket
And gray russet rocket,
With Simper the cocket.
Her Yuke of Lincolne greene,
It had beene hers I weene,
Moze than fortie yeare,
And so it doth appeare:
And the greene bare threds
Looke like Sere weedes,
Withered like hay.

The wooll woꝛne away,
And yet I dare say,
Shee thinks her ſelfe gay
Upon the holliday,
When ſhee doth her array,
And girdeth in her getes,
Stitched & pꝛancked with pletes:
Her kirtle Briſtow red,
With cloaths vppon her head,
That they wey a ſowe of lead,
Wꝛithen in a wonder wiſe,
After the Sarazens giſe,
With a whim wham,
Knit with a trim tram,
Upon her bꝛaine pan
Like an Egiptian,
Capped about,
When ſhee goeth out,
Her ſelfe foꝛ to ſhew,
Shee dꝛaweth downe the dew,
With a paire of heeles,
As bꝛoad as two wheeles,
Shee hobbles as ſhee goes,
With her blanket hoſe,
Her ſhoone ſmeard with tallow,
Gꝛeaſed vppon dirt,
That daubeth the Skirt.

Primus Paſſus.

And this comely Dame,
I vnderſtand her name
Is Elynor Rumming,
At home in her wonning:
And as men ſay

Shee

Pimlyco.

Shee dwelt in Sothray,
In a certen ſtede
Beſide Lederhede,
Shee is a tonniſh gib,
The Deuill and ſhee be Sib.

I Red and ſmilde, but at the laſt,
As toward the towne mine eye I caſt,
In mingled troopes I might beholde
Women and men (ſome yong, ſome olde)
Like to a Spring-tide, ſtrongly flowing
To Hogsdon, not one backward going.
Out of the Citty ruſh'd the ſtreame,
A while (me thought) I did but dreame,
That I ſaw people, till at laſt,
Hogſdon ore-flowde, it ſwel'd ſo faſt.
I muſde that from the Citty venturde
Such heapes: for tho the Spring was enterde,
They flock'd not thus to heare the Tune
Of that bird who ſings beſt in June,
(Yclip'd the Cuckoe) as yet her note
Shee had not perfect, but by rote:
Ne durſt ſhee ſing yet, being not able
In Engliſh, but in —— to gabble.
Nor was it like they made theſe throngs,
To heare the Nightingals ſad ſongs,
For Luſt (in theſe dayes) beares ſuch price,
They are but mock'd that checke that Vice.
Still more and more this Sea brake in,
Yet ebb'd in one hvlfe houre agen,
The Voyagers that firſt did Vaile,
(Vaning their Lading) homeward ſaile.
But with a ſide-winde were they driuen,
Yet all caſt anchor in one Hauen.
Up went my ſailes. With much adw,
In the ſame Port I anchorde tw.
Being landed there, all I could finde

Was

Was this, They came to haue the Hinde.
Into their Parke I forthwith went,
Being entred, all the ayre was rent
With a most strange confused noyse,
That sounded nothing but mære boyce.
Amazde I stood to sée a Crowd
Of Ciuill Throats stretchd out so lowd:
(As at a New-play) all the Roomes
Did swarme with Gentiles mixd with Groomes.
So that I truly thought, all These
Came to sée Shore, or Pericles,
And that (to haue themselues well placd)
Thus brought they victualls (they fed so fast)
But then (agen mée thought) This shoale
Swom thither for Bakers doale.
Or Brewers, and that for their soules sakes,
They thus were seru'd with Ale and cakes:
For lugs of Ale came réeling in,
As if the Pots had drunk vp bin.
A Sayler (that had narrow eyes
Through fumes that vp to his braines did rize)
Got I by th'arme, (children they say,
And Fooles and Drunkards, truth bewray)
Him therefore I desirde to show
Why all these met. —— Tis Pimlyco——
My Friend, Tis Pimlyco (hée cryde)
And no worde could I get beside.
This made me madder then before,
I askd another, and hee swore
Zoundes —— I'me ten strong in Pimlyco ——
What's that saide I? —— stowt Pimlyco ——
And backe, at least three yardes hée réeles,——
Pimlyco trips vp good mens heeles
(Lisping) he cryes, and downe he falls,
Yet for more Pimlyco —— still he calls.
What Pimlyco should meane I wondred,
Because so lowd, that word still thundred
From all their throats through all their eares,

Pimlyco.

At length, a reuerend man (whose yeares
Had tourn'd his head and beard all gray,
And came but to beholde That Play,
And not to act himselfe The Vice)
Tolde all the Dronken Misteries.
And that the Ale got such high Fame,
Only by that fond, senceleſſe Name.
I laugh'd to see a World (so wise,
So subtile in all villames,
So scorning to be laugh'd to scorne)
Should be so drowned with Ale in Corne.
Yet since in Hogsdon all ran mad,
I playde the Mad-man too, and had
My lug brought in; a draught or twaine
Made such hot boyling in my braine,
That (faster then their Pots were filde)
From my Inuention were distilde
Verses in Pimlyco's high prayse,
Pimlyco crownde my head with bayes.
For straight I felt my selfe a Poet,
And (like some fooles) in Rime must show it.
Yet first I tournde o'er Skeltons Rimes
With those mad times to weigh our Times,
And try how Elynor Rummings Ale,
Was Brew'd; and Drawne, and set to Sale,
What Guests drunk there, and what Drinke heere,
In this wilde Lantskip shall appeare.

But to make vp my tale,
She brueth nappy Ale,
And maketh therof poore sale,
To trauaylers, to tynkers,
To sweaters, to swinkers,
And all good Ale drinkers,
That will nothing spare,
But drinke till they stare,

And

And bring them selues bare,
With now away the Ware,
And let vs slay care,
As wise as an hare.
Come who so will
To Elynor on the hill,
With full the Cup full,
And sit thereby still.
Early and late,
Thither commeth Kate,
Cisley and Sare,
With their legges bare,
And also their feet,
Hardly full vnsweet,
With their heeles dagged,
Their kirtles all to iagged,
Their smockes all to ragged,
With titters and tatters,
Bring dishes and platters,
With all their might running,
To Elynor Rumming,
To haue of her Tunning,
Shee leaueth them of the hame,
And thus beginneth the game.
Some wenches come vnbraced,
With their naked pappes,
That flippes and flappes,
It wigges and it wagges,
Like tawney saffron bagges,
A sort of fowle drabbes,
All scurvy with scabbes,
Some be fly bitten,
Some skewd as a kitten,

Some with a shooe clowte,
Binde their heads about,
Some haue no haire lace,
Their lockes about their face,
Their tresles vntrust,
All ful of vnlust,
Some looke strawzy,
Some cawzy mawzy,
Full vntidy tegges,
Like rotten egges,
Such a lewd sozt,
To Elinor resozt,
From tyde to tyde;
Abide, abide,
And to you shalbe told,
How her Ale is sold,
To mawt and to molde.

Secundus Passus.

Some haue no memory,
That thither commy,
For their Ale to pay,
That is a shzewd aray.
Elinour sweared, nay
Yee shall not beare away
My Ale for nought
By him that me bought.
With hey dog hay,
Haue these dogges away,
With get me a staffe,
The swine eate my draffe,
Strike the hogs with a club, (tub,
They haue drunke vp my swilling
For be there neuer so much prease,

These

These swine goe to the hye dese,
The sow with her pigges,
The Boze his taile wzigges
Against the hye bench,
with so, there is a stench,
Gather vp thou wench,
Seest thou not what is fall,
Take vp Dirt and all,
And beare out of the hall,
God giue it ill pzeuing,
Cleanly as euill cheuing.
But let vs turne playne,
There wee left agayne,
Foz as ill a patch as that,
The hennes run in the mash fat,
Foz they goe to rouse,
Strayt ouer the Ale iouse,
And dong when it comes
In the Ale tonnes,
Then Elinor taketh
The mash boll, and shaketh
The hennes dong away,
And skommeth it in a tray
where as the yest is,
with her maungy fistis:
And sometimes she biens,
The dong of her hennes
And the Ale together,
And saith Gossip come hither,
This Ale shall be thicker,
And floure the moze quicker,
Foz I may tell you,
I learned it of a Iew,

When I began to brew,
Drinke now while it is new.
And yee may it brooke,
It shall make you looke
Yonger than you bee
Veeres two or three.
For yee may proue it by me,
Behold she said, and see,
How bright I am of blee,
Ich am not cast away,
That can my husband say,
When wee kisse and play,
In lust and in liking,
He calleth me his whyting,
His Mulling, and his Nittine
His Nobbes and his Cunny,
His sweeting and his honny,
With basse my pretty bonny,
Thou art worth good and monny,
This make I my kalyse fanny,
Till that he dreame and dronny.
For after all our sport,
Than will hee ront and snort,
Then sweetly together we lye,
As two Pigges in a stye.
But we will turne playne,
where we left agayne.

Tertius passus.

In stead of corne and monny,
Some bring her a conny,
And some a pot with honny,
Some a salt, and some a spoone,
Some their hose, some their shoon.

Some

Pimlyco.

Some ran a good trot,
With a skillet or a pot, &c.

Cum multis alijs, quæ nunc perscribere longum est.

Hoc est Skeltonicum,
Incipit Pimlyconicum.

OF Pimlyco now let vs sing,
Rich Pimlyco, the new-found Spring,
Where men and women both together,
To warme their vaines in frosty weather,
Where men and women hot bloods cole,
By drincking Pimlycoes boyled poole.
Strong Pimlyco, the nourishing foode
To make men fat, and bred pure blood;
Deepe Pimlyco, the Well of Glee,
That drawes vp merry company.
Bewitching Pimlyco, that tyes
The Rich and Poore, the Foole and Wise,
All in one knot. Of that we write;
Inspire your Poet to indite,
You Barlie Muses Pimlyconian,
Ye scornes the Muses Helyconian;
(Poore Soules!) they none but water drincke,
But Pimlyco dropt into his yncke,
His lines shall flye with merry gale,
No Muse is like to Pimlyco Ale.
Not the neat Wine De Orleans;
Nor of Hebrian, (best in France;)
Not Gascoigne, nor the Burdeux Vine,
Nor that which flowes from swift-foote Rhyne;
Not Sheerys Sacks, nor Charnico,
Peter Semine, nor Mallago,
Nor th'Amber-colored Candie grape,
Which drunche with Egges makes men to—Ape.
Nor can the Greekish Vintage show

Pimlyco,

A liquor matching Pimlyco.
Not Hipocras (the drinke of women,)
Nor Bastards (that are deere, but common,)
Nor the fat lecherous Alligant,
Whose Iuice repaires what Backes doe want.
Nor Waters drawne by Distillations,
With medcinable Operations,
As Rosa Solis, Aqua Vitæ,
And Nugs of Balme, so quicke, and sprighty;
No, nor the Irish Vsquebagh,
Of which, the Kerne whole pyntes will quaffe,
Strong Vsquebagh! that hotlier burnes
Than Sackes, and white the Entrailes turnes.
Nor welsh Metheglyn, (browne as berry)
Lancashier Syder, Worstershier Perry,
Nor yet a draught of Darby Ale,
Nor mother Bunch, (long since growne stale,)
Nor that old two-peny Ale of Pynder,
That many a Porter oft did hinder
From carrying Burdens, for (alacke!)
The Ale had strength to breake his backe.
Nor all those Drinkes of Northren Climes,
Whose Brewings shall fill vp our Rimes,
Brant, Rensque, and the clære Romayne,
The *Belo*, Crasno, and Patisane,
Peeua (to them as is our Bære,)
With spiced Meades (wholsome, but dære)
As Meade Obarne, and Meade Cherunck,
And the base Quasse by Pesants drunck.
With all the rest that whet the sprites
Of Russes and cold Muscouytes.
Not all these Drinkes, nor thowsand moe,
Can reach the fame of Pimlyco.
To proue (ô Pimlyco) these thine honors,
Armies each day spread Crimson banners,
And with hre Colours, and quicke shot,
Fight stifly till the field be got.
All Sexes, all Degrees, all Nations,

All

Pimlyco.

All men of Arts or Occupations,
(As if for gayne to some great Fayre,)
Onely for Ale to thee repayre.
The English, Scottish, Dutch and French,
Sit whistling here vpon one bench:
If but of Pimlyco they drinke hard,
Betwixt them falls not one foule word,
They kisse like brothers, Dutch, French, Scot,
Are all One in a Pimlyco Pot.
Hither come Sergeants with their Maces,
Hither come Bailiffes with red faces,
Hither come Lads and greasie Lownes,
Hither come pockets full of Crownes,
Hither come those can scarce find Baile
For fire pence, yet spend eight in Ale.
Vsurers battle (here) their pence,
The Diuell can scarce keepe Brokers hence,
The Lawyer that in Terme-time takes
Fat fees, pleades here for Ale and Cakes.
Doctors, Proctors, Clarkes, Atturneis,
To Pimlyco make sweattie iourneis,
And (being well Arm'd with Buckram bags,)
Fight vnder Hogsdons skarlet flags.
The Winde our Merchanes this way driues,
Whilst their men take vp for their wiues
Komes before hand: and oft it hits,
Not farre from them some Fish-wife sits.
For (here) of manners none take heed,
First come, first serv'd, first serv'd, first sed.
Citizens, Souldiers, Sea-men, Schollers,
Gentlemen, Clownes, Millers, Colliers,
Mercers, Taylors, Poets, Booke-bynders,
Grocers, Curriers, Goldsmiths, goldfiners,
Silkemen, Botchers, Drapers, Dray-men,
Courtiers. Carters, Church-men, Lay-men,
Midwiues, Apple-wiues, Cheape-side Ladies,
Old Beldames, and yong Tiffany Babies,
Scotch-bums, red Wast-coats, fine Pawne-wenches,

Pimlyco.

In the same roomes, on selfe same benches,
Crown'd All together: All Drincke, All Pay,
Why then should any giue the way?
Roomes here are by Reuersion got,
As Offices, so men win the Pot.
Both Pray and Pay, and wait, and woo,
That Foure may buy what goes for two,
Yet tis refusde. The Sexton scornes
To budge to a Knight. All stay their Tourns
As at the Conduit or the Mill,
And nothing's heard, but Fill, Fill, Fill,
Bespeaking one anothers Cups.
As men do Chayres in Barbors shops
On Christmasse Eeues. A hundred laps
Held vp for cakes; As many caps
Put off for Ale, whose tuice embalmes
Their Browes' tis beg'd as t'were an almes,
Yet all hold Siluer vp, and cry
Take mine, (as at the Lottery.)
Drawers nere not baule Anon, Anon,
Each Guest for his owne Drinck does run,
Braue men turne Tapsters, Women Cators,
For Ten that sit, there's Forty Waiters,
French-Hoods, and Veluet Caps being prowd
Sometimes, i'th Heerooft close to crowd.
O strange! what makes the Cripple heere?
When strongest legs can hardly beare
Those that stand on them, if they stand
But tiptoy to't in Pimlyco Land:
Yet euen that Wretch, (that halts on wood)
Although fiue furlongs off it stood,
Swearers he'le lympe to't, and to't he goes,
And being there, his false legs does lose.
After him, gropes the Blind, and cries,
Pimlyco drincks not out mine Eyes.
Pimlyco does so please the Mouth,
They come from East, West, North, South.
O Thou, (the Pimlycoman Host,)

Had thy Head bin but like that Poſt,
Which Scores what Ale and Cakes come in,
Of greater Reckoning hadſt thou bin.
Hadſt thou had Braines, but like to ſome,
To know what Wether was to come
By'th Almanacke; thou hadſt changde thy lucke,
Thy Hynde ere this had prou'de a Bucke.
Alacke! thy wits are loſt in *Brewings*;
Th'art growne ſtarke mad with too good Doings
Thou, onely cryeſt, Who payes the Shot?
(When the Paine Patters are forgot.)
Thou Barmy Foole, at laſt grow wiſe,
Build thy Houſe round with Galleries,
Like to a Play-houſe; for thy Ale
(Be't bad, be't good, be't new, be't Stale)
Brings thee good Audience: from each ſhore,
Ships of Fooles lanch, to ſeeke thy Dore;
Ere prodigall Gulls ſaile backe agen,
Thei'le pay thee money to come in:
Wipe then thy wife and thou, the Scores,
Let thoſe within wipe out the Scores.
Yet (O vile counſell!) why do I labour
To haue a Chriſtian wrong his neighbour?
Each afternoone thy Houſe being full,
Makes Fortune blinde, or Gelds The Bull.
No, no, (thou Pimlyconian Brewer)
Thy Caſtle of Comfort ſtands ſo ſure,
(Moated with Ale, and wal'd with cakes)
Tho whirle-winds blow, it neuer ſhakes;
Therefore it needs no reparations,
No Rampyres, no Fortifications,
But onely Shot: Charge them Pell Mell,
Let Pimlyco Ordinance go off well;
And Hogſdon ſeemes a Towne of warre,
Where Conſtables the Captaines are,
Leading to Stocks (with Bils and Staues)
Whole troopes of drunken Whores and Knaues,
Who (tho they cannot ſtand) yet go,

Pimlyco.

Swearing, Zounds hey braue Pimlyco.
Pon therefore that do trade in Cans,
(Virginians, or Cracouians,)
You that in whole pots drinke your bane,
Lying dead-drunck at The Labor in vaine:
You Apron-men, that weekely get
By your hard labour and your sweat,
Siluer (earn'd deare, but honestly)
Enough to find your Family,
Now leaue those places (nam'd before)
Or if you'le Drinke, maintaine a Score,
But let your Wages (in one Summe)
Be wisely sau'd till Sunday come,
But (with it) buy, nor bread, nor broth,
Nor house, nor hose, nor shoe, nor cloth,
For fod let wife and children Die,
Sucke Pimlyco downe merrily,
There dance and spend the day in laughter,
T'is meat and drinke a whole weeke after.
You Ballad-Singers, that doe liue
On halfe penny almes that Ideots giue,
In euery Street (to drunken Notes)
Set out your villanous yelping throates,
That through all eares your Tunes may flow,
With praises of Browne Pimlyco.
You Poets that of Helicon boast,
Whose mornings draught without a toast
You alwayes take, but ne're go so,
Comming to tipple Pimlyco,)
O be more wise, and scorne that licquor,
Drincke this, which makes your Muses quicker,
Of This, three full Pots (I assure yee)
Leaues you starke drunke with brauer furie.
You that plough vp the salt Sea-flood,
To fetch from farre, the Grapes deare blood.
And with Out-landish drinks confound
And mad the Brayne that is most sound:
Your very Ships going neuer so steddy,

(With

(With that moist Freight) but euer giddy
And reeling (as an ominous Signe,
That Those must reele, who Trade in Wine,
From Shore to Shore what need you saile,
When Pimlyco breeds such Dragon-Ale?
You that of men deare reckonings make,
Yet at the Barre (for what they Take)
Arraigne them, Charging them to Stand,
Till they haue all held vp The Hand:
Downe with your Bushes, and your Grates,
Draw your selues thorow the Citie Gates,
To Sacke the Walls of Pimlyco,
Which day by day more strong do grow,
And will in time (to their owne Trench)
Dine backe both Spanish Wines and French:
Or if no Shot can batter downe
This Pimlyco Fort; then, in the Towne,
And in the fields and Common way,
Pitch Tents, and openly display
Your Banners (drawne with Red and White)
Vnder those cullors Men will fight
Till they can stand, else All are lost,
And cut off by the Pimlyco Host.
Here therefore sownd, Anon, Anon,
For the mayne Army here comes on.
O you that (euery Morne) hold Feasts,
(And in the True-loue-knot are Guests)
And doe with Wreathes your Temples crowne,
(At Lothbury, and at Horsey-downe,)
Let those Deare Fleshly-Meetings go,
And Bath your Braynes in Pimlyco.
You that by Enginous Wheeles can force
Tydes to run backe and turne their Course,
Whose wits in water still do Dine,
(O, if you wish that Trades should thriue,)
With lowd voyce to the Citie speake,
That she her Conduit-Heads would breake,
And onely build One Conduit-Head,

Pimlyco.

At Pimlyco, that through pipes of Lead.
The pretious Streame may be conuayd,
And Crafts-men so at home be stayd.
You Bawds, you Bandats, Puncks and whores,
That are chalk'd up on Ale-house scores,
You that lay Petticoats, Gownes, and Smocks
To pawne for drincks to cure the Pox,
At Pimlyco some will take them from you,
To drinke there then, shall best become you.
Of Aley-Ilands there are more,
(Some new discouered, some before)
But neither th'Old nor New of name,
Can equall Pimlyco in fame.
Of these strange Ilands, Malta is one,
Malta does *Border* close vpon
The Continent of Pimlyco,
And by her Streames more rich does grow,
On Pimlyco Seas when tis fowle weather,
That no Ship can get in; then hither,
(To Malta) flie they with swolne Saile,
To buy the Iew of Malta's Ale.
Thy Knights (O Malta) now do flourish,
Pimlyco their renowne does nourish,
All fealty therefore they doowe
And Seruice to guard Pimlyco.
Tripoly from the Turke was taken,
But Tripoly is againe forsaken;
What Newes from Tripoly? Would you know?
Christians flye thence to Pimlyco.
Eye-bright, (so fam'd of late for Beere)
Although thy Name be numbred heere,
Thine ancient Honors now runne low;
Thou art struck blind by Pimlyco.
The New-found Land, is now growen stale,
Few to Terceras Ilands sayle;
The once well-mand, brawe Ship of Hull,
That spred a sayle, proud, stiffe, and full,
Leakes oft, and does at Anchor lye:

May,

Nay, euen St. Chriſtopher walkes by.
Not halfe ſo many Chriſtians (now)
Their knees before his White-croſſe bow.
Run,(Red-cap)Run, amongſt the Reſt,
Thou art nam'd laſt, that once wert beſt,
But (Red.cap) now thy Wooll is worne,
By Pimlyco is Red-cap ſhorne.
Our weary Muſe (here)leapes to Shore,
On theſe rough Seas ſhe Sayles no more,
This Voyage made ſhee (for your ſakes,)
Spending thus much in Ale and Cakes.

FINIS.